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# ally sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. IV.—No. 192.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1887.

[ONE PENNY.]



## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"Poor Papa has always waited up to see the Old Year out and the New Year in. This year, however, he became very drowsy, and said he should turn over a new leaf and go to bed early. His peaceful slumbers were disturbed soon after twelve with strains of 'God rest ye, Merry Gentlemen.' The piteous howls and shrieks that followed I shall never forget. All I know is, that Alexandry, Jubilee, and Evelina are in bed with turpentine, vinegar, and mustard plasters respectively, the decease of William Higgins is hourly expected, and both Snatcher and Toddles are in the hands of an experienced Vet."—TOOTSIE.

## LOVE, DESPAIR, AND HATE.

(A Romance of the World's Fair.)



1. Bill Buggs takes Emma to the World's Fair. "Bill," murmured she, "there stands my fate. I feel—Bick?" ventured Bill. Emma's eyes flashed fire.



2. "Lovely being!" sighed Emma, who had followed the clown into the circus. "Wilt thou wed me?" "Ask my wife," said the clown. "Here she comes."



3. "What, false wretch—you are married!" yelled Emma, "and to this—this thing! Let me rend her in twain, and thus avenge myself on her."

## SCENES ON THE SCAFFOLD.

CHARLES DICKENS, in advocating the abolition of public executions, and writing particularly of that of Mr. and Mrs. Manning on the roof of Horsemonger Lane Gaol, said that he believed "a sight so inconceivably awful as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected outside the prison that morning could be imagined by no man, and presented by no heathen land under the sun. The horrors of the gibbet, and the crime that brought the wretched murderers to it, faded before the atrocious bearing, looks, and language of the assembled spectators. When he came upon the scene at midnight, the shrillness of the cries and howls that were raised from time to time, denoting that they came from a concourse of boys and girls already assembled in the best places, made the blood run cold."

There have been scenes of horror on the scaffold itself, however, which have thrilled and sickened even the hardened wretches who had come to see the "show," and among these may be quoted the hanging of Charles White, for arson, in front of Newgate Prison, in 1823.

This miserable wretch, we may read, managed to arrange a handkerchief in such a way that the executioner found a difficulty in pinioning his hands, and he kept his wrists asunder, and continued for some time to struggle with the gaolers. Eventually, though, he was pinioned in the usual way.

On the scaffold he made a violent attempt to loosen his

bonds, and succeeded in getting his hands free; then, with a strong effort, he pushed off the white cap, and tried to liberate his neck from the halter, which, by this time, had been adjusted.

The hangman obtaining help, tied the cap over White's face with a handkerchief, the miserable wretch, during the whole of this time struggling with the most determined violence, to the great horror of the crowd. Still struggling madly, and having got from the falling drop to the firm part of the scaffold, he nearly succeeded in tearing the handkerchief from his eyes. However, the ceremony continued, and when the signal was given the drop sank. The unfortunate wretch did not fall with it, but sprang on to the platform, and clutching the rope with both hands, strove to avoid strangulation.

The sight was horrible in the extreme. The man was half on the platform and half hanging, and the convulsions of his body are described as appalling. The mob yelled and hooted, and at length the hangman thrust the criminal from the platform, so that the rope sustained his whole weight.

But even then he could not die, until at length the executioner managed to end his sufferings by hanging on to his feet.

"William," murmured the Blue-Eyed Bantling we have ere now dubbed Alexandry, "it's best in a case of this kind to take it as easy as you can, and pretend to be a sack of coals."

"You're right," said William; "make a note of it on your paper collar, and when the time comes, act accordingly."

(Next week a horrible case.)

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned should enclose stamps for that purpose.

II. BURGESS (New College, Eastbourne).—*Very cool, we must say. Will you send a crack and four?*—W. G. CUSTANCE (Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.).—*All in good time.*—GREY HEN (Grattack Road, Bradford).—*No space to spare for your request; we are very sorry.*—ANON.—*Very good, much regret not being able to publish same; no room.*—W. S. T. (Holland Road, Hove, Brighton).—*Sorry your sketch is of no use.*—S. MOYSTON (Uxbridge Road, Shepherd's Bush).—*The "pipes" are all gone, so cannot oblige you.*—FRED W. BROUGHTON (Arthur Road, Teddington).—*Thanks for your enclosure, but regret having no room for it.*—DEVOUTLY (New Basinghall Street, E.C.).—*Thanks; no use.*—M. FEMUR (Fawcett Road, Southsea).—*Thanks much, but Tootsie, being a Well-Regulated Girl, never lectures poor dear Papa.*—A. T. HAWTHORN (London Road, Coalville).—*Many thanks for the "potato," which has been placed among the "Relics."*—GREEN DRAGON (Brighton).—*Thank you for your interesting enclosure, which has now been placed among the "Relics."*—ALEX. BURNETT (Rochester Row, S.W.).—*All in good time.*—PUTOOOOOOOOO (Vegetable).—*Your amusing "relics" now decorate the bar of the "Sloper Arms."*—Thanks.—M. PRATT (Spring Street, Paddington).—*It is utterly impossible to give to all at once; you must wait your turn, please.*—W. H. ELLAM (Airedale, Woodside, South Norwood).—*What a tender skin you have!*—FORE TURRET (H.M.S. Blunderer, Malta).—*Thanks for your very kind letter.*—W. H.—*We accept it, dear boy; try and cut your high teeth.*—MUMMER (Kensington).—*Why are the "Eminent's" spats like crocodiles?—Because they are Ally-gaiters! Oh! Ah! Very good.*—H. LAWRENCE (Comedy Theatre, Haymarket).—*Very good but regret want of space. Many thanks.*—MANTIGA (Brazil).—*Exceeding thanks for your good opinion.*—KATE E. LESLIE (Standard Theatre).—*Don't be jealous, darling, and your very own pet will think about it.*—J. ROUSE (Lincoln Street, Walworth Road, S.E.).—*All in good time.*—HORATIO COX (Castle Street, Newark).—*Many thanks, but crowded out.*—FRED JONES (Duke Street, Reading).—*Very many thanks for the "cup and saucer," which, being hand-painted, now decorate the "Sloperian Relics."*—WILLIAM GEORGE BROWN (Norfolk Terrace, Bayswater).—*ALLY was much amused with your truthful and facetious letter.*—M. L. MARTIN (Rose Cottage, West Thurrock).—*Tootsie is much obliged for your kind remarks.*

### "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

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\* \* \* The List will close this day, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31st, 1887.

### JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"Ah, yes," observed old Sharpshins, "I'll be bound that Sir Wilfrid Lawson is a capital hand at passing the bottle, in spite of the fuss he makes about total prohibition." "No, indeed, papa," answered his son, earnestly, "I am sure he is a staunch teetotaler." "Well, that just proves what I say," exclaimed the father, with a chuckle, "for in that case he would pass the bottle without touching it, wouldn't he?"

Old Grumbleton. Upon my soul, Mrs. Grumbleton, you are the most careless woman I have ever come across! Here's your silver thimble I've found again! I do not know how many times you would have lost it, if it had not been for me.

Mrs. Grumbleton. I wish something was lost for good that you are always finding.

Old Grumbleton. What is that?

Mrs. Grumbleton. Fault!

[Ructions.]

THEY were conversing about a birthday party that had once been given by the notorious McGooseley, and at which everyone—to use an expressive, although not euphonistic, phrase—"copped the brewer." "I suppose McGooseley was drunk?" said one of them. "Drunk?" repeated the other, "I should think so! Everybody was drunk! Everything was drunk! Why, even his health was drunk!"

Mr. Sharpshins (giving his son an explanation of electricity). Glass, you will remember, is a non-conductor—

Young Sharpshins. Is it really? I shouldn't have thought so! I've noticed that when you've got any hot whisky and water in yours, it's conducted pretty often to your mouth.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.  
No. 192.—The "Leap-Year" Costume.



A PANTOMIME FACE.  
A favourite of children, the Baron Barbe Blene.



TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.  
Loafer. "Tain't no good, I've tried the last three years to live without work, but luck seems agin me; shall 'ave to turn over a new leaf, I s'pose."



IN THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.  
Scumbles (to Spectre). Shny, ole chapsh (hie), what sort o' sperits dwer call (hie) yoursheifsh? I'm gladsh you've come (hie), I've finished theesh bottles, now I can tackle you.



Poor Blobs determined to be economical, so started the New Year with shaving himself. 'Twas rather foolish, though, his funeral expenses came rather high.



Talk about your turkeys, mince-pies, and plum-puddings, not in it with snuff—Certainly a person who sneezed was at one time supposed to be under the influence of fairies and demons, but as the name of God repelled all evil spirits, the benediction of "God bless you!" drove away the demon and counteracted its influence, so it is all right.

THEY were talking about a certain young lady who had just married her groom. "I can't make it out," observed B.own; "it's very strange." "It is strange," said Old Grubbles, the cynic, "but the next event in the family is likely to be a little stranger."

Collector. Please, sir, I've called to ask yer for somethin' for the waits.

Gentleman (with delicate musical ear). The waits? Not a half-penny! You ought to be all prosecuted for making night hideous with your wretched noise.

Collector. Mr. Jones, nex' door, sir, giv'd us half a crown. G. I might give you something, too, perhaps, if I was as deaf as he is.

—WHOEVER named Satan "Devil" knew what he was about, for treat it as you will there's nothing but bad in the word. Behend it you have evil, transpose it and it becomes rile, behend and transpose and you get lie, curtail and transpose and it is left, behend and add the aspirate and you will have hell.

"OH! Sarah Ann, what can it be That is gnawing at my vitals? Quick! fetch me doctors two or three From the different hospitals."

"I dunno," said the maid of toil, "Unless it's that new oil, master; You said as how 'twas castor oil, So I put it in the canister."

THE other afternoon a man fell down insensible just opposite a betting club not a hundred miles from Fleet Street. "I'll lay sixty pounds to forty he's dead," exclaimed a certain leviathan of the turf. "Done; I'll take you," cried another, and they walked outside to settle the bet. A constable was loosening the man's necktie and collar, and turning to a boy, he said, "Run as hard as you can to Dr. —, and tell him he's wanted." "No, no," exclaimed the layer of the odds, "that isn't fair. I bar all doctors. Let the man run on his own merits, can't you?"

A FEW weeks ago a fountain was erected in the midst of a public pond not a hundred miles from Croydon, and one morning last week a man appeared with disconsolate visage in the office of the borough engineer.

Engineer.—Well, my man, what is the matter? Man.—If you please, sir, the little boy has got a stoppage in his inside.

Engineer.—What has that to do with me? I'm not a doctor. What little boy is it?

Man.—The little boy in the pond, sir.

Engineer.—What on earth do you mean? Have you been drinking?

Man.—No, sir, I mean the little boy as squirts the water. Then it gradually dawned upon the engineer that something was wrong with the fountain.

"WELL, Mr. McGooseley, how are you this morning?" enquired our cashier. "Very shaky," replied McGooseley. "I'm not myself at all this morning." "A good job for you, I should think, for whoever else you are, you must be the gainer."

Young Sharpshins. What sort of tree is the "Tree of Liberty," pa? Old Sharpshins. Why, a poplar tree, my boy, to be sure.

"FATHER," enquired a son, the other day, "what is an heirloom?" "Why, anything that is looming in the air, of course."

Now, if you would avoid the beak, In mind five things please bear— To whom you talk, of whom you speak, And how, and when, and where.

A SCHOOLMASTER, who was well acquainted with the routine of the examiner's questions, determined to post his boys up in the requisite answers, but unfortunately the boys were kept waiting so long, that one of them slipped out to play. When the examiner arrived, he hemmed and hawed, and then said, "First boy, who made you?" "Adam, sir," replied the boy, who was really number two. "Nonsense!" cried the examiner, testily. "The Almighty made you." "No, indeed, sir," persisted the conscientious youth, "the boy the Almighty made has gone out to play."

ALLY. Alexandry, my son, if I'd ever cheeked my father like that he would have half killed me.

Alexandry. What a brute he must have been.

ALLY (indignantly). What do you mean, sir? He was a much better father than yours ever was, or ever will be.

"I'm a conservatory," exclaimed old Rickety Dick, when someone was getting at him with reference to his political opinions. "I was born a conservatory, and I'll die a conservatory." "That accounts, then, for the number of glasses you have," replied the other, "You should go in more for shrub, and then you'd have few frog blossoms. Never mind, you won't die in the flower of your youth, anyhow."

Smith. What is the first bet on record?

Jones. Give it up.

Smith. Alpha-bet.

Jones. Ah, there is a good deal of Gamma-n about that.

LAST week a rough-looking member was brought before the Croydon Bench on the usual D.D. charge. "What are you?" enquired the Alderman. "I'm a penman, sir," answered the prisoner. The Alderman looked at his horny hand, and whispered to his brother beak, "He doesn't much look like it, does he?" Then aloud he continued, "Where are you employed?" "In the Cattle Market, sir, penning sheep," was the explanatory reply.

YOUNG Lawyer Brown, all bounce and jaw,

Now lies in prison grim;

For first of all he tried the law,

And then the law tried him.

The old judge frowned! Brown quaked with dread.

He called him o'er the coals,

For having robbed to gain his bread,

Then struck him off the rolls.

"Ah, sure, and don't talk to me about yer English horses," exclaimed the O'Flaherty. "Ye haven't got one that's fit for a thoroughbred Irish horse to stand and kick at, let alone run agin! Why, man alive, we've got horses at home, on the ancestral estate, that I'll back to stand still faster than any of the English horses can gallop, bedad!"

Old Sharpshins. In your course through life, my son, always avoid a poor man.

Young Sharpshins. But poverty is no crime, father.

Old Sharpshins. That may be true; but you will invariably find that a poor man is without principle—principle, I should say.

Young Sharpshins. I see; and that is why I am not to take any interest in him.

THE Eminent has a bad name for some things, but he has one good point, he never hurts anyone's feelings unnecessarily. Last week he received a letter from Iky Mo, asking him to lend him £10, to which he replied, without a moment's delay, "My dear Iky,—You should have the money in a moment, but, unfortunately, I have lost your address. Yours faithfully, ALLY."

TOOTSIE SEES THE NEW YEAR IN.

ON the first of January in years gone by a number of remarkable events have occurred. For instance, William the Conqueror was crowned, as was also Charles II., and Claude Duval, the ladies' high way man, was hanged at Tyburn, and followed to his grave by all the pretty women in London.



Coolness—Billy's agitation.

Louis XII., of France, otherwise called the Father of the People, died on the first of January; and William Tell, the Swiss patriot and low comedy apple-merchant rose up and saved Switzerland from its tyrannical oppressors; the Union of England and Ireland took place; Piazzi, the astronomer, discovered a new planet;

and Hobson, the carrier, died; Milton, of "Paradise Lost" fame, whilst a student at Cambridge, wrote two epitaphs about him which, it was supposed, would render him immortal. The epitaphs have been forgotten long ago, but Hobson is remembered by the saying, "Hobson's choice." Hobson used to job out horses, but he would not allow them to be overworked. So when the young Cambridge students came to him, they were obliged to have their horses chosen by Hobson, according to turn—"Hobson's choice" that was. "Take it or leave it."

Poor Pa is always moved to enthusiasm when New Year's Day comes round. He always buys a new diary, and says he means to put down the household expenses, and see if things can't be got to go on a little more like a civilised country.

At the end of the week, Alexandry is writing riddles in the book, or pasting pictures in it, or drawing unkind likenesses of Poor Pa's nose, and last year we found Poor Pa crying over one he was looking at upside down, and asking himself why he had warmed up an asp in his bosom.

Poor Pa, likewise, breaks out into poetry. "How short," says Poor Pa, "in retrospect appears Our journey through this vale of tears."

Here Ma says, "If your unhappy father ain't enough to give anyone the 'ump! Go and get this bottle filled, Alexandry. I feel a sinking." Pa also experiences a peculiar feeling, that something from the bottle alone can allay.

When Alexandry comes back, and Poor Pa has had a little drop, he goes on, "Each New Year's Day in fancy's view, We schemes of untried bliss pursue." On which Ma finishes her glass and nods and sighs, and Poor Pa, helping himself to all that is left, says, "And think not while in youth's gay bloom How swift the passage to the TOMB!"

On this Ma breaks down altogether, and says Poor Pa will never be happy till he has buried her.

This doesn't make things promising for the rest of the evening, but just then, luckily, Bob, Billy, and Snook arrive with Lardi and Tottie and a big hamper, and Pa and Ma take a rosier view of the terrestrial sphere.

We have had a gay old time. Blind Man's Buff, Forfeits, Hunt the Slipper, Puss in the Corner, Tiggy Touch Wood, and Hi! Spy!

Hi! A few things have been broken, but it has been good fun. There are now no banisters to the kitchen stairs or panes of glass in the garden door, and the hall chair has only one leg left.

Poor Pa, who was put to bed early, has got up, and is blessing us from the top landing, whilst Ma is imploring him to go back again, and not to fall over.

Bob and Billy have partaken too freely of ices and Ballyhooly limonades and don't seem well, and McGooseley, after making an exhibition of himself with my new gloves, has gone home much mixed in Snook's new hat. Tottie, Lardi, and I have had a few words. I have told them that if they don't come again it won't break anybody's heart very much to speak of, and they have flounced out.

Bob and Billy are now tottering up the street, followed by Snook with his head tied up in a pocket-handkerchief. William Higgins is choking Alexandry in the back kitchen, and Snatcher has hold of Uncle Boffin's leg, and won't leave go.

TWENTY SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH. Guaranteed to keep perfect time.

With this week's "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," TWENTY "SLOPER" WATCHES will be given away to Purchasers of the Paper only.

Each watch will have engraved upon it a faithful likeness of A. SLOPER, Esq., Friend of Man. Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to—

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THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," December 31st, 1887.

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

Occupation, if any.....

How many times applied.....

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday".....

The results of each week's Competition will be published in "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY." The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, January 4th, 1888. The result of the Competition of December 24th, 1887, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for January 7th, 1888.

\* \* Specimen "SLOPER" WATCHES are on view at "The Sloperies."

73rd WEEK.

RESULT OF DECEMBER 17th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded

- "SLOPER" WATCHES:—
1. J. EDWARD EVANS, Corporal Royal Engineers, Ordnance Survey Office, 43 Parliament Street. Age, 32 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
  2. JULIA WARDEN, Barlesque Actress, Grand Theatre, Islington. Age, 26 years, vide Family Bible. Subscriber—Always. LONDON.
  3. WILLIAM SPARKROW, Clerk, 40 Melbourne Grove, East Dulwich. Age, 41 years. Subscriber—from commencement. LONDON.
  4. MISS KEMP, Browning Farm, Windmill Hill. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—2 years. HAILSHAM.
  5. JAMES BLACKWOOD, Grocer's Apprentice, Academy Garden. Age, 16 years. Subscriber—15 months. DOLLAR.
  6. ALBERT HOOD, Apprentice Placer, 15 Church Square. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—3 years. BURSLEM.
  7. WILLIAM CREW, Labourer, Wribbenhall. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—11 months. BEWDLEY.
  8. HENRY BOXALL, Carpenter and Joiner, 9 Falkland Road. Age, 37 years. Subscriber—over 24 years. DORKING.
  9. WILLIAM ULPH, Tailor, Bath Avenue, Norwich Road. Age, 35 years. Subscriber—since March. EAST DEREHAM.
  10. MARTHA TAYLOR, Housekeeper, 11 Canal Street. Age, 50 years. Subscriber—since commencement. HYDE.
  11. CHARLES E. PASSENGER, Painter 2, Park Road, Norbiton. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—1 year and 35 weeks. KINGSTON.
  12. THOMAS BUSHBY, Dock Labourer, 70 Tolbooth Wynd. Age, 46 years. Subscriber—Since No. 21. LEITH.
  13. FRED SMITH, Police Constable, Town Hall Street. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LUTTERWORTH.
  14. JOHN SHACKLETON, Weaver, 190 New Line. Age, 49 years. Subscriber—Nearly 3 years. BACUP.
  15. WILLIAM GASTON, Publican, "Ark Inn." Age, 40 years. Subscriber—24 years. NEWHAVEN.
  16. GEORGE H. C. MACMANUS, Student, 23 High Street. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—now 3 years. TRIM.
  17. CHARLOTTE HATTON, Machinist, Moor Street. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—1 year, 10 months. TAMWORTH.
  18. PERCY HUGHES, Schoolboy, Rockwood. Age, 13 years. Subscriber—3 years. WESTON-SUPER-MARE.
  19. CHARLES KILPATRICK, Bank Clerk, 2 Carlton Street. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—18 months. PORTSMOUTH.
  20. WILLIAM HOLLAND, Victualler, Old Bell Inn. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—about 2 years. SHIFNAL.

THE YOUNG ASTRONOMER.

OH, why do the little stars wink—wink, wink?  
They cannot be sleepy, I think—I think,  
For they sleep all the day  
Till the sun goes away  
So why do the little stars blink—blink, blink?  
I thought they were weeping the dew—the dew,  
Because the big comet fell through—fell through;  
But my grandfather smiled  
As he patted his child,  
And said his ideas were new—were new.  
I thought the wind blew in their eyes—their eyes;  
And made them to wink in surprise—surprise;  
But my grandfather laughed  
When I spoke of a draught,  
And said my ideas were wise—were wise.  
Then why do the little stars wink—wink, wink?  
Because they are happy, I think—I think;  
They are laughing to see  
Little fellows like me  
So anxious to know why they blink—blink, blink!  
Besides, they are winking to show—to show  
How much of this world they know—they know:  
Though it certainly would  
Be exceedingly rude  
I really believe it is so—is so.

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

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Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

TWENTY-THREE!

THEY said when he married her that he was an idiot. For me part I don't think so. He was a literary man, and was not by any means a bad fellow.

I confess that she had worn silk tights, but had left the music-hall stage altogether, and lived quietly with her husband. Her sister lived in the house with them, and was still in the chorus of the Frivolity. She still wore long hose, and smiled on the stalls.



A la opera-bouffe.

"I wish," said Sophy, the good little wife (albeit the former music-hall career), "I wish, dear, that you would give up night work, and going out, and all that. It isn't half a home."

"Well," said the husband, kissing his wife, "the fact is that it pays. I may get a whisky or two extra now and then, but I have got to look after things, and a man must make a bit of money some time or the other."

"I don't like it," said the good little wife. He was a very straight fellow. He wasn't a bit of the milkop. His wife's sister Blanche was a young woman not so amiable as she might have been.

"Ah, John!" she said one afternoon, when her sister was away. "you don't think that I look nice in this." She had put on a very short-skirted peasant's costume, a la opera-bouffe, that she had brought away with her from the theatre.

Now John was as straight as nails to his little wife, so hurried and walked away.

"I'll pay him out for this," said amiable Blanche to herself. One night the husband said to his sister-in-law, "I don't like to tell Sophy, 'cause she's so foolish, but I must be out to-night till morning—breakfast-time. But you'll make it all square if she cuts up at all rough. God bless her! what a funny little beggar she is to be jealous or suspicious of me."

The husband John was out at work, and working hard. He came home at three in the morning. He left his boots outside the bedroom door.

Just after he had gone in, a stealthy foot-step was heard on the stairs.

The husband stayed in bed till mid-day. His active little wife was busy about the house long before.

"I'll clean his boots myself," she said. She took the boots into the kitchen. She by accident turned one of

them up and looked at the sole. On the sole was chalked "23."

She knew something about the world although she was such a good little wife.

"He has not been at work all night," she said to herself. "He's stopped at a hotel, and that '23' was chalked on by the 'boots.'"

The husband came down to his meal. The little wife looked him in the face.

"You've not been square to me," she said. "You slept at an hotel last night."

"It's a lie," he said, angrily.

"Why, the boots' mark—the number of the room—was on the sole of your boot."

"You can think and say what you like," he said. "I'll have no more to do with you."

You shall have two-thirds of what I earn. I'd rather live on ten shillings a week than with a woman who has such suspicions of me."

The world doesn't wag pleasantly always. They did separate.

She was living with her sister Amelia. One day they were amusing themselves by looking over each other's drawers of trinkets and things.

In Amelia's drawer the poor little wife found a portrait of her husband. By an old pair of gloves she found a piece of chalk.

"John's portrait!" she thought. "A lump of chalk! Why, Amelia might have chalked those shoes. She might have loved John, and he'd have nothing to do with her."

"Amelia," she said, "you chalked '23' on the shoes." Amelia looked confused. The good little wife took up a slipper that was in the drawer, and struck her sister on the face. Amelia had a black eye. John and his wife are reconciled.

She struck her sister.



**LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM—A LONG WHILE AGO.**—But I recollect it, sir, as though it were yesterday. There were no hackney coaches to be had, and we saw the dear girls home. Ah! girls were girls in those d'ys; they've grown out of it since, some of them.

\*.\* Tootsie says that if portraits are going to be given of Papa's Friends, she shall certainly give portraits of hers. Therefore, look out each week for  
**TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.**



**NO 6.—NELLY MOON.**

"I have always looked on Nelly as Turkish Delight."  
—The Look Snook.  
"All girls are nice, but Nelly Moon, well!"  
—Lord Bob.  
"I sometimes wish I'd never met Lardi Longsox."  
—The Hon. Billy.

**ANOTHER DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.—(Time—Boxing Day.)**



1. "This is truly charming, though rather cold this weather!" cried Renée, as she and Ferdinand commenced to unpack the hamper in one of the umbrageous retreats for which Epping Forest is famed. "So much nicer than the unattractive drawing-room, isn't it, Ferd, dear?"



2. "So secluded," she added. "And being so, Renée," said Ferdinand, with eager rapidity, "it is a fitting opportunity for me to declare my unadulterated passion. Sweet Renée, be mine!" At that moment the evergreen bushes parted, and a man of the Romany stamp stood before them.



3. "What means this intrusion?" demanded Ferdinand, with dignified hauteur. "I ain't aware of this bit o' land's your private property, master," replied the gipsy. Suddenly the champagne cork flew from the bottle in Renée's hand, and struck off his disguise, revealing the features of Jacques de Villacourt!



4. And who was Jacques de Villacourt? We haven't the remotest idea; but suffice it that 'twas he, and that he immediately doffed his coat and challenged Ferdinand to mortal combat, who calmly turned to Renée and said, "Go wait for me 'neath yon old guarded trunk, dearest, while I polish him off."



5. As the combatants faced each other in pugilistic attitudes, an onlooker, had he been present, would not have failed to observe that Villacourt was the more powerful of the two. Then swiftly, as if just struck with the idea, Ferdinand seized the provision hamper, bonneted his opponent with it, and bolted.



6. Now and again when the belated traveller is hurrying through the bosky glades of the grand old Forest to catch the train which will whirl him back to busy London, he fancies he sees a weird form amongst the tree-trunks stuck all over with knives, broken crockery, and a cork-screw.

**FIRST FOOTING ON NEW YEAR'S MORNING. THE LAIRD FOILED AGAIN.**



1. Said the Laird, "If McNab first foots across my ilk, I'll jist pit a fresh buttonhole in his coat, and gie him a bean tae digest."—2. When, horror! "A couple o' them this time. Jimjams, as I live!"—3. And the bad old man thought his day had come.—4. But he found rest thus, and the dear, kind Elder, with his usual thoughtfulness, put up a notice.—5. And the Elder then said, "I think, Mr. McFarritch, we gave the old secondril a fright this time, laddie. Noo let's hae a drap o' sherbet, and begin the New Year in a becoming manner."



### OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

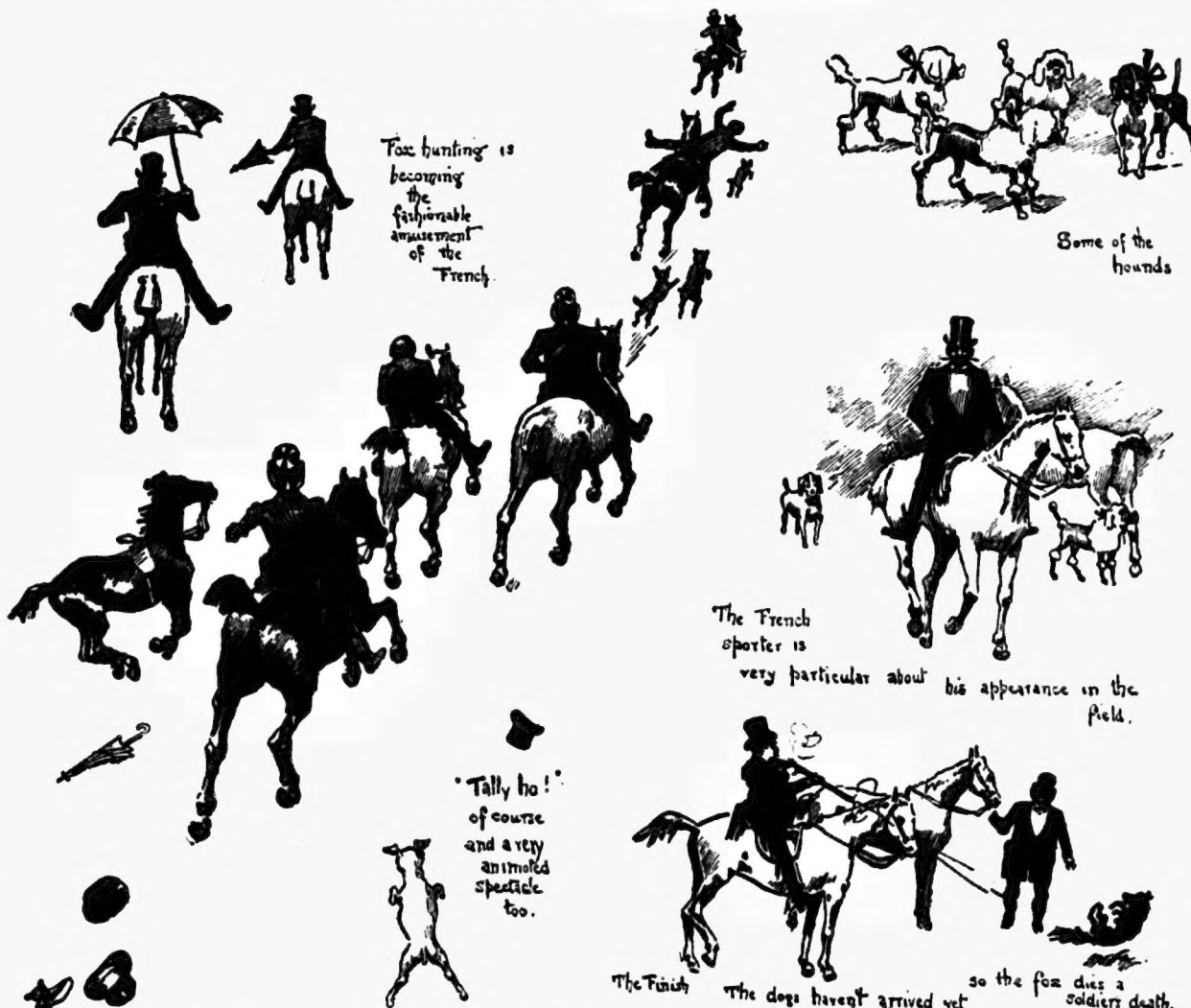
Another year gone by with its usual mixture of misery and happiness, and still this humble showman caters for his innumerable patrons with the same elasticity (at least, he hopes so) as at the beginning of the past year. This is the last mad medley I shall have the honour of preparing for you this year, so here's a bumper to it. How does it suit?—The oyster sobbed; to escape tried, 'Stop here four days,' the Bobby cried:—A cocky "Special" on the spree, With his baton made rather free:—Bang! Crash! "I'll let the New Year in, And drink its health in sparkling gin:—Lozenges for the legal toff—Certain to kill, or cure your cough:—No rent, then pound their ozen quick; Mount 'em, and stick like brick to brick:—The girl felt gay, so wished to play At shaking Briquet's nose one day:—Away, Old Year, and meet thy fate! Be off! Make room for Eighty-Eight.—Remember, Ladies and Gentlemen, that now is the time for good resolutions, or to turn over a new leaf, as some people have it. Mind you don't turn it over the wrong way as it is possible to do. But a Happy New Year to all is the heartfelt wish of—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



#### A FITTING QUESTION.

Foggy. I've brought this for you to wear at our theatricals to-night, Grubbs. Grubbs. But isn't it rather large?  
Foggy. Slightly, perhaps; though a bit of newspaper will settle it proper, my boy.

### THE SPORT OF MONSIEUR.



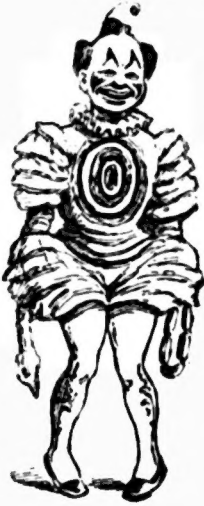
#### BEHIND THE SCENES.

Super (to Pantomime Manager). Really, Mr. Graball, we can no longer live on the five shillings a week you give us. Graball. Not live! Pooh! Bah! Why, the honour alone ought to fill your stomach, better than food; it don't bring on indigestion.

They speak even still (and it happened quite early last week, after the frost set in) of that great day. They are thinking of giving him a sort of horn or trumpet thing, like fellows have sometimes out hunting, made of solid silver; and he is having lessons somewhere round the corner, so as to be able to blow it when the time comes. Yoicks!

## ALLY-CAMPANE.

ANOTHER twist round of the wheel of time, as our wit of the pantomime says, and here we are again waltzing round the borders of the New Year, waiting like good Christians to turn over a new leaf. Men of all sizes and sorts, look ye well to your liberties, for the budding year will probably be a year of terror to the whole male sex. Because—ah, those fatal words—"tis Leap Year. Ladies all, be merciful. Do not drive the whole masculine sex out of the country. Do not deluge them by proposals, and above all, please remember that the whole Sloperian Staff are married men with large families, and then we shall be able to say "For all mercies let us be truly thankful."



A. SLOPER, in the early days of his youth, used to get up, *Tableaux Vivants*, in conjunction with his good lady, for which they charged one penny per peep. But in later years, the refusal on the part of Mrs. S. to participate in the show deprived the public of some of the most realistic and picturesque exhibitions of modern times. Happily for the world, successors have been found in the persons of Messrs. Herbert Lyndon, and Delapoe Downing, who conjointly can turn out better *tableaux* than any men living—bar the Eminent. One of their exhibitions took place last Thursday at the New Club,

in Covent Garden, for the benefit of the Middlesex Hospital, and, judging by the crowded appearance of the room, these two rising artists will be able to hand over a good round sum to the Institution. ALLY says, "Bravo, Delly! Bravo, Bertie! You shall both be made F.O.S. in January."

MABEL ST. JOHN, alias Tot Fay, Maude Rothschild, Violet Bell, Lily Sinclair, Maud Levant, Mabel Grey, Violet Durant, Lily Cohen, Violet St. John, Lilian Rothschild, Amy Violet, Lilian Ross, Florence le Grande, Blanche Herbert, but whose real name is Amy Anderson, has once more made her appearance at Marlborough Street, charged with having indulged a little too much in the cup which both cheers and inebriates. She told the magistrate, with many tears, that she was perfectly innocent. "It is an awful shame"—this with a sob—"that an innocent young lady like me should be forced into trouble like this. I really come from a good family, and my dear mamma will be deeply shocked when she hears of this." But, her dear mamma notwithstanding, Mabel St. John, alias Tot Fay, Maude Rothschild, and the rest, but whose real name is Amy Anderson, was ordered to pay forty silver shillings or go to prison for a month.

It was at Terry's Theatre the other afternoon, and the twain were doing a little love-making between the acts. Just as the curtain went up, the band ceased tooting too soon for him to finish his speech, and the stallite behind, who had been in vain endeavouring to see what was going on upon the stage through the fair one's hat, heard him affectionately bleat into her north ear that she was "an angel." He was a bold, bad critic, and he bent forward, and said unto the lover, "Sir, could not you get your angel to wear her wings somewhere else besides on her hat?" Then the play proceeded, but it had no interest for the "angel" or her worshipper, and at the next interval they rose and departed.

A CAPITAL little volume, entitled, "Gilbert and Sullivan's Birthday Book," has been sent to Tootsie by Messrs. Pickering and Chatto, Haymarket. The book is filled with smart quotations selected from Mr. W. S. Gilbert's most celebrated operas, so it will be seen what an interesting little book it is. Tootsie is charmed with it, and feels sure that her admirers will be so likewise.

THERE's a rare old row on just now in connection with St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin. It appears that the gentlemen in power in Leicester Square object to show proper accounts of the moneys received and disbursed, which, to A. SLOPER's mind, is very improper. Iky Moses would, no doubt, approve of the action taken by the treasurer, Lieut.-Colonel Charles Mercier, and his son and heir, Mr. St. Vincent Mercier, the secretary; but it's just a question whether, at a meeting of the Governors of St. John's, to be held at the Hotel Metropole, on January 18th, their views will not be proved to be a bit too mercier-nary (new joke, all rights reserved). The Eminent is a Governor of the Hospital, and he intends following the subject up until justice is done all round.

AMERICA has lately produced some remarkably fine locomotives. They are made for the two-hour trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which runs between New York and Philadelphia, and have wheels of the enormous diameter of six feet eight inches. These engines travel over a mile in fifty seconds. This is the sort of speed which A. SLOPER likes to enjoy when going to see his best girl, or getting away from the old lady at home.

MEWED up in this little island of ours, the average Englishman seldom thinks that the world is somewhat larger than a tea-tray; even the territories under the British rule are much of a *terra incognita*. A geologist has just been appointed for Western Australia, and the announcement of the fact speaks of that colony covering, within a foot or two, a million miles of the earth's surface, only a very small portion of which has been explored up to the present. If the geologist works hard, puts in a little overtime, and occasionally gives up a Saturday half-holiday, or forgets to rest on Sundays, he will be able to "get through" with his task of exploration by the time that he reaches his five hundredth birthday.

THIS is hard on the doctors and Salvationists. Faith-healing has been outdone by "Christian science." A Boston lady conducts a medical school on a remarkable principle. For some trifling sum—say £100—she undertakes to qualify a pupil in three weeks to perform what are called "mind cures." The pupil is taught to abstract his or her mind from any disease or suffering, and this effort of will makes one insensible even to a severe burn. It is only necessary to say, "Hallo, here's an attack of fever; let's take no notice of it," and the sufferer will get well in no time.



RICHARD BYFORD, a middle-aged gentleman, adorned with a wooden leg, appears to have a curious taste for out-of-the-way articles. He was apprehended at a London hospital on suspicion, but in defence he said that he had merely gone in there to look at the cast of his leg, and to glance at "the child."



"Oh, What a Spree to be Alive!" is the title of the latest new song. Just so; but when a gay Lothario, with the best intentions, wends his way to the mansion of his beloved, there to see in the New Year, and mistaking the house gains admittance to the hitherto peaceful abode of two maiden ladies of sweet seventy or thereabouts, to be a moment later ignominiously chucked, *à la* hat and with garments rent, his feelings are probably different. Under such circumstances it is no wonder he should wish himself at the North Pole, or even somewhere slightly warmer.

A GENTLEMAN wants "a sitting-room with bed," which must be "conveniently near the British Museum, and contain a piano." Here is doubtless a learned and luxurious fiend. All day he will read diligently in the B. M., and then at night, having drawn the piano up to the bedside and placed a comfortable glass of grog near it, he will amuse himself by serenading the midnight hours. We are kind and merciful, and overflow with the milk of human kindness, but we would not for a million a minute live in a house with a man who turned a single apartment into bedroom, sitting-room, and concert-room. Hampstead Heath is open to him; why not go and lodge there? Then he might sleep with a brass band.

AMERICAN women are proverbially brave, and Mrs. Gilligan, Bridgeport, is no exception to this rule. It will be remembered that some time ago Mr. Barnum's great show took fire and a large number of animals escaped, amongst them a lion. This festive specimen took an early opportunity of making use of his freedom by getting



a good meal out of the back of a cow. The proprietor of the animal was the lady mentioned above. Directly she saw the lion busy with his supper she made a vigorous assault upon his ribs, with the result that the king of the forest was so disgusted that he left his siroin, turned round, gave one look at the assailant, and bolted. Barnum was so pleased with the courage of Mrs. Gilligan that he made her an offer to travel with his new show and exhibit herself, by simply reclining on a sofa, at the remuneration of 60 dols. a week.

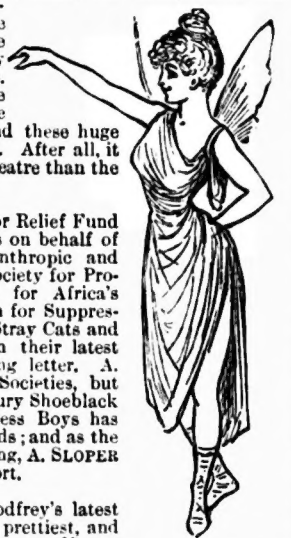
THE guests at the thieves' supper the other night were told that the three main causes of crime were three W's—whisky, women, and wagers. This strikes McGooseley as being rather hard on whisky, and he doubts whether that beverage—as distinct from other intoxicants—is much drunk by the masses whence the criminal class is mainly recruited. In his opinion gin, and perhaps rum as well, have much more to answer for than whisky, but on this point the Eminent differs.

THE ladies of Berlin have commenced a crusade against the employment of male teachers in girls' schools. They argue that men cannot understand the female mind, and that this can be better trained by women than men. But this is surely narrow-minded. In mathematics, for instance, men are invariably better teachers than women, besides which, are not the girls themselves to be consulted in the matter? Now, girls, which do you prefer?

FUN and frolic seems to be the order of the day at our London pantomimes; and well it might be, seeing the money which has been laid out on them. The pantomimes this year are better, the fairies prettier, the dresses more tasty, the jokes funnier than they have been for a good many years. Covent Garden and Drury Lane seem to be doing a roaring trade this week, crowds hovering round these huge buildings from morning till night. After all, it is better to be the manager of a theatre than the proprietor of a newspaper.

SINCE A. SLOPER started his Poor Relief Fund he has been deluged with appeals on behalf of every conceivable object, philanthropic or otherwise, under the sun. The Society for Providing Blankets and Top-boots for Africa's Naked Niggers, and the Federation for Suppressing Hydrophobia by Supplying Stray Cats and Dogs with Muzzles, have sent in their latest balance sheet and revised begging letter. A. SLOPER sympathises with the Societies, but cannot help them. The Shaftesbury Shoeblack Brigade of Destitute and Homeless Boys has just issued a special appeal for funds; and as the Brigade seems to be really deserving, A. SLOPER earnestly recommends it for support.

TOOTSIE considers Charles Godfrey's latest compositions to be the sweetest, prettiest, and most enchanting pieces of the season. Master Jubilee played the "Silver Wedding Valse," "Arcadia Valse," and "Vingt-et-Un Polka" over and over again at the Milde Court gathering, and such connoisseurs of sweet music as the Two Macs, McNab, and McGooseley spoke very highly of them. Sloperites are recommended to procure the pieces for themselves.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.  
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 7TH, 1888.

1st January, 1812.—On this New Year's morning a number of people were knocked down and robbed in the streets of Edinburgh, and some of them dangerously hurt. A constable died three days after, in consequence of injuries received on the occasion, and also a clerk, named Campbell. These outrages were committed chiefly by a band of idle apprentice boys, regularly organised for the purpose. It was the custom then for most respectable people to turn out when the Old Year was closing to "see in the New Year," and hence the time chosen by the youthful banditti. In the month of March following three youths were tried for robbery and murder in connection with the above-mentioned outrages, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed. The sentence was carried out. One of them was 18, and two about 16 years of age.

1st January, 1630.—Tobias Hobson, the Cambridge carrier, and the first man who let out hackney horses, and from whom originated the famous adage, "Hobson's choice or none," died this day, while the plague was raging in London.

2nd January, 1885.—An explosion of dynamite took place on the Metropolitan Railway, about 9 P.M., near the Gower Street Station. The explosive was supposed to have been thrown from a train going westwards shortly after leaving King's Cross Station. No one was seriously injured.

2nd January, 1844.—Two blacksmiths, belonging to the Mormon body, were this day tried at the Chester Assizes for causing the death of a female disciple by their violence at the ceremony of immersion.

2nd January, 1735.—The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1735 contains the following notice in the obituary:—"January 2.—Rob Roy, the famous Scots Highlander."

2nd January, 1711.—The paper called *The Tatler*, conducted by Sir Richard Steele, and issued on alternate days, terminated on this day.

3rd January, 1857.—Monsieur Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, was this day assassinated while celebrating the feast of St. Genevieve in the church of St. Etienne du Mont. A priest, under censure, plunged a large Catalan knife into the prelate's breast, exclaiming, "No Goddess!" The archbishop fell with a cry of "Le malheureux!" and, being carried into the vestry, expired immediately after receiving absolution. The murderer was executed on the 30th in the Place de la Roquette.

3rd January, 1805.—Josiah Wedgwood, the ingenious improver of English pottery, died this day. His own pottery was near Newcastle-under-Line, in Staffordshire, where he built a village, which he called Etruria. The name "Porcelain" was given to chinaware from a supposed resemblance of its surface to that of the univalve shell called *porcellana*. The shell was so named from the shape of its outer surface, which was thought to resemble the back of a pig (*porcella*).

4th January, 1649.—On this day the "Rose" tavern, Tower Street, was the scene of a memorable explosion of gunpowder. Near the wall of Allhallows' Barking Churchyard was the house of a ship-chandler, who was busy in his shop barreling up gunpowder when it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye blew up some fifty to sixty houses in the neighbourhood. The number of persons killed was never known, for the next house, the "Rose" tavern, was, at that time of night, always full of company; and on this day the parish dinner was held at the house. In three or four days after digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, and half bodies, miserably torn and scorched, besides many whole bodies, with not so much as their clothes singed. In this disastrous explosion there were several cases of miraculous preservation.

4th January, 1809.—Covent Garden Theatre was founded on this day. The market in London so called was so named from its having been originally the garden of the convent of St. Peter. The square was erected in 1633, but it has since been rebuilt.

5th January, 1850.—In a communication to *Notes and Queries* of this date, Dr. Kennedy, the then learned master of Shrewsbury Grammar School, shows that the expression "mutual friend" is absurd and incorrect. "The world mutual," he says, "equals reciprocal, and can only be used of that which passes between two, from each to each. The world is correctly used in such expressions as mutual love, mutual reproaches, and the like; but when we speak of a third as having equal relations to two others, we properly use the adjective 'common.' 'Mutual esteem' means the esteem we both feel for each other. 'Common esteem' means the esteem we both feel for some other person or persons."

5th January, 1872.—Mr. Joseph Gillott, the first manufacturer of steel pens by machinery, died this day. Pens were first made from quills, in 635; from steel, in 1845.

5th January, 1589.—We read in *La Recue Bleue* that Catherine de Medici, who died this day, on being told that Scaliger could speak twenty languages, remarked, "That means twenty words for one idea; now, I should prefer twenty ideas for one word."

5th January, 1849.—A revival of old Christmas gambols took place this day in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

6th January, 1734.—John Dennis, poet and critic, and author of many plays, who died this day, was once passing a brandy shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, when the man who kept it came out to him and desired the favour of him to drink a dram. "For what reason?" said he. "Because you are a dramatic poet," answered the other. "Well, thou art an out-of-the-way fellow," said the old gentleman, "and I will drink a dram with thee." But when he had done so, the man asked him to pay for it. "Sdeath, sir," said the bard, "did you not ask me to drink a dram, because I was a dramatic poet?" "Yes, sir," replied the fellow, "but I did not think you had been a dram o' tick poet."

6th January, 1861.—A ballet girl was this day burnt to death at the Pavilion Theatre, through her dress coming in contact with an unprotected light. The first appearance of females in ballet entertainments was at the French opera, January 21st, 1681.

6th January, 1872.—James Fisk, junr., of Erie Railway notoriety, was this day assassinated in the corridor of the Grand Hotel, New York, by Edward Stokes, who fired three shots, one of which inflicted a mortal wound in the abdomen.

7th January, 1856.—The London General Omnibus Company first began their operations on this day, on the Holloway line. A writer in *Notes and Queries* states that it was not in Paris, but at Nantes, that these vehicles were first started. The invention originated with a military man on the retired list. It did not at first meet with the desired success, so that after a short unsatisfactory trial, it was sent to Paris, where some people improved the opportunity, and filled the vehicles with furniture and all kinds of luggage. The luckless inventor, out of despair, committed suicide.

7th January, 1855.—Luigi Buronelli this day murdered Joseph Latham (or Lambert) in his house, Foley Place, Marylebone, by shooting him through the head. He also attempted to murder Mrs. Lambert, by wounding her on the head and neck. The murderer, who appeared to be labouring under a fit of jealousy, made an attempt to commit suicide. He was executed on the 30th of April.

ALLY SLOPER'S  
FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.



## THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 7.—MR. HARRY PAYNE, F.O.S.

"Harry Payne, the dear old Clown, was born in the year 1860; he is, therefore, just 27 years of age. But, judging from his activity, you would put him down at about 17. Harry comes of a very red-hot-pokerish family. His father and the Eminent were at school together, and invented between them the celebrated red-hot poker trick. Old Payne and ALLY taught Harry all his best tricks—in fact, it was quite a chance he didn't alter his name a year or two back into ALLY Cam Payne, out of respect to the founder of the 'HALF-HOLIDAY.' Harry Payne dines with A. SLOPER every Christmas Day, and immediately the cloth is removed, a series of Pantomimical Fantasias are gone through that would astonish most well-regulated people."—*Debrett Improved.*



*Freckles.* Poor old buffer! Wouldn't do for him to have the jim-jams every day; he looks as if he'd been put through a mangle.



YE OLDEN TIMES.  
Women took up their proper space in the world then!



M.C. Excuse me, sir, but these ladies say you've engaged yourself to them for dances, and now you're going.  
Fitzbungle. Can't help it, my boy. The fact is, I can't dance a bit, but they would swarn round me. (Whisperingly) Tell 'em I've been eating onions—that'll settle 'em!



## UPS AND DOWNS.

Englishman. Ah, my lad! Smith would have won. Your man was too much knocked up.  
Yankee. Yes, perhaps so, but don't you think yours was too much knocked down?



Pantomime faces, looking so black.  
Put on the soap—they're white in a crack!

## AND THEY WERE HARD-HEARTED ENOUGH TO SMILE.



Master Jack (an awful suspicion dawning on his mind with regard to his rabbit, as the cover is removed. Oh, mummy, dear, I can't eat poor Georgie!

## THE FROST AT LAST!

"FULL INSIDE, SIR! AND A NICE SEAT ALONG WITH THE DRIVER, SIR!"



"GREAT HEAVENS!  
THE ICE IS CRACKING!  
ALL ROUND ME. WHAT EVER  
SHALL I DO!"



"SUSPICIOUS OLD GENT! HERE YOU BOY JUST  
HAVE THE GOODNESS TO  
WALK IN FRONT OF ME.  
WILL YOU?"



"WELL I THINK THAT'S ABOUT AS PRETTY A LITTLE FOOT AS EVER I DID SEE, JEMMY. & NO MYSTAKE."  
"SO IT IS ME, TOMMY. BAR NONE."



"OLD LADY! YOU LITTLE VILLAINS!  
IF I COULD ONLY GET AT YOU  
[SHOUTS & LAUGHTER]"



"PAPA, DEAR, WOULD YOU MIND RUNNING ACROSS THE ICE BEFORE WE GO ON.  
JUST TO SEE THAT IT IS QUITE SAFE!"

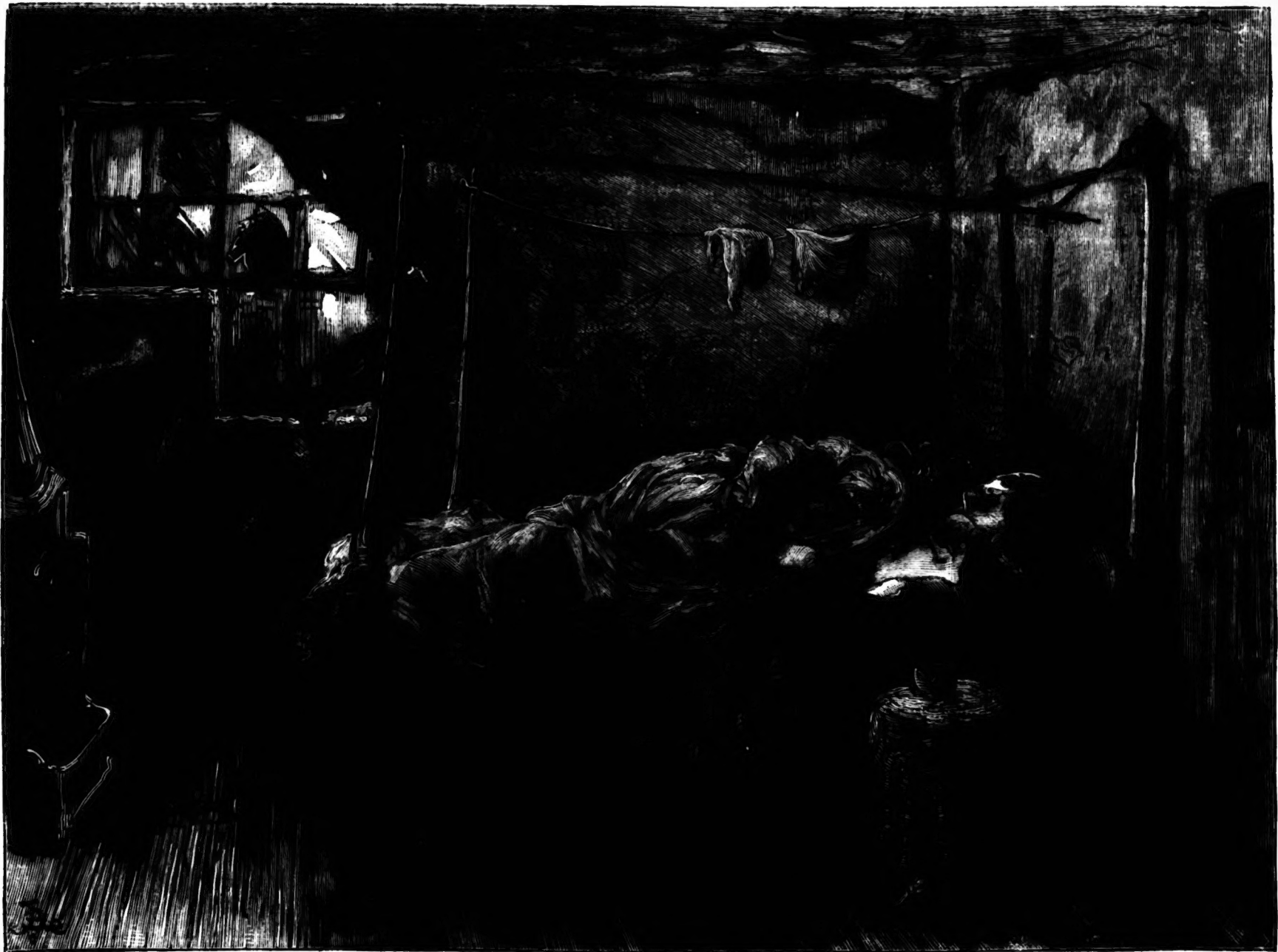
"Getting on famously, old boy. Hadn't had the door-plate up half an hour before a collar-bone was brought in."—*From Saubone's Correspondence.*

# "HOW THE POOR LIVE."

BY

## GEORGE R. SIMS.

(Commenced November 19th, 1887.)



DEATH WAS "WRIT LARGE" UPON HER FACE.

## CHAPTER VII.



OUTCAST ON LONDON BRIDGE.

If I were asked to say off-hand what was the greatest curse of the poor, and what was the greatest blessing, I think my answer to the first query would be the public-house, and to the second the hospital. Of course I might be wrong. There are some people who will contend that in these islands the greatest blessing of the natives of all degrees is that they are Great Britons. Our patriotic songs bid us all rejoice greatly at the fact, and patriotism is not a class privilege. The starvel outcast, crouching for shelter on a wild March night in one of the stone recesses of London Bridge, has a right to exclaim with the same pride as the Marquis of Westminster—

"Far as the breeze can bear the blows' foam,  
Survey our empire and behold our home."

His soul, for all we know, may rejoice greatly that Britannia rules the waves, and in spite of the fact that a policeman spying him out as "without the visible means of subsistence" may seize him and

consign him to durance vile, he—the outcast, not the policeman—may ponder with much national vanity on the fact that Britons never shall be slaves.

Out upon the parochial-minded disciples of the Birmingham school, who pretend that a nation can be very great abroad and yet very small at home! "Survey our Empire" is a noble line, and there is another about the Queen's morning drum which has a magnificent ring about it, and crops up in patriotic leading articles about twice a week all the year round. It is, however, just possible that the vast extent of British rule does not come home so pleasantly to my friend on the bridge as it does to the well-fed, prosperous citizen of Jingo proclivities who believes that Heaven's first command to an Englishman was, "Thou shalt remove thy neighbour's landmark." The poor wretch may "survey" his "empire" with a feeling of anything but contentment, and he may be tempted to wish that we had a little less empire to look after abroad, in order that a little attention might be bestowed upon the place where charity begins.

Even at the risk of being pronounced unpatriotic, I shall, therefore, maintain my contention that the greatest blessing of the poor is the hospital—that noble institution of which Englishmen of all classes and all creeds may reasonably be proud.

Sickness, disease, and accident enter very largely into the annals of the poor. Overcrowding, and unsanitary dwellings—all the ghastly surroundings of poor life in a great city, which I have attempted feebly to describe in these papers—render the masses peculiarly susceptible to illness in every shape and form. Epidemics of some sort or other are rarely absent from the poorer districts, and many painful diseases and deformities are transmitted regularly from parent to child. To be sound of limb and well in health in these dens is bad enough, but the existence of an invalid under such circumstances is pitiable to a degree. The hospitals are the heavens-upon-earth of the poor. I have heard little children—their poor pinched faces wrinkled with pain—murmur that they didn't mind it, because if they had been well they would never have come to "the beautiful place." Beautiful, indeed, by contrast with their wretched homes are the clean wards, the comfortable beds, and the kind faces of the nurses. Step across from the home of a sick child in the slums of the Borough to the Evelina Hospital, and it is like passing from the infernal regions to Paradise. To this noble charity little sufferers are often brought dirty, neglected, starving; and even the nurses, used as they are to such sights, will tell you their hearts ache at the depth of baby wretchedness revealed in some of the cases brought to them.

Passing from cot to cot, and hearing the histories of the little ones lying there so clean, and, in spite of their suffering, so happy, one is inclined to think that the charity is a mistake—that to nurse these children back to health only to send them again to

their wretched homes is a species of refined cruelty. It were better in dozens of cases that the children were left to die now, while they are young and innocent, than that death should be wrestled with and its prize torn from it only to be cast back into a state of existence which is worse than death.

The children have some dim inkling of this themselves. Many of them cry when they are well, and cling to the kind nurses, asking piteously not to be sent back to the squalor and dirt, and often, alas! cruelty, from which they have been snatched for a brief spell. Here is a child at home and the same child in the hospital. Contrast the surroundings. Look on this picture and on that, and then say if there is not at least some ground for such a train of thought as the Hospital for Sick Children suggests to me!

The elder people doubtless appreciate the blessings of the hospital as much as the children. The poor generally speak in the highest terms of such institutions. They could not, as a rule, lie ill at home; care and attention would be impossible; and for a sick person the atmosphere would mean certain death. Doctors they cannot afford to pay. The class of practitioners who lay themselves out for business in these neighbourhoods are not, as a rule, much more than nostrum and patent-medicine vendors, and their charges are generally extortionate. If you could bring yourself to imagine truthfully the condition of the sick poor without the hospitals to go to, you would see a picture of human misery so appalling that you would cover your eyes and turn away from it with a shudder.

Yet there are such pictures to be seen. There are cases which, from varying circumstances, do not go to the hospital. There are men and women who lie and die day by day in these wretched single rooms, sharing all the family trouble, enduring the hunger and the cold, and waiting without hope, without a single ray of comfort, until God curtains their staring eyes with the merciful film of death.

It was such a case we came upon once in our wanderings, and which, without unduly harrowing the reader up, I will endeavour to describe.

The room was no better and no worse than hundreds of its class. It was dirty and dilapidated, with the usual bulging blackened ceiling, and the usual crumbling greasy walls. Its furniture was a dilapidated four-post bedstead, a chair, and a deal table. On the bed lay a woman, young, and with features that before hourly anguish contorted them had been comely. The woman was dying slowly of heart disease. Death was "writ large" upon her face. At her breast she held her child, a poor little mite of a baby, that was drawing the last drain of life from its mother's breast. The day was a bitterly cold one. Through the broken casement the wind came ever and anon in icy gusts, blowing the hanging end of

the ragged coverlet upon the bed to and fro, like a flag in a breeze. The wind roared in the chimney, too, eddying down into the fireless grate with a low howling noise like the moan of a Banshee 'round a haunted house. To protect the poor woman from the cold, her husband had hung on the bed his tattered great-coat—a garment that the most ancient four-wheel night-cabman would have spurned as a knee-protector. "He was a plumber," she whispered to us in a weak, hollow voice; "he had been out of work for a week, and he had gone out to try and look for a job." One shivered to think of him wearily trudging the streets this bitter day, half-clad and wholly starved. What must have been his torture, as he failed at place after place, and the day wore on and brought the night, when he would have to return to the poor dying wife with the old sad story?

As one realised the full meaning of this little domestic tragedy, and knew that it was only one of many daily enacted in the richest city in the world—the scene of it laid not a mile from the full tide of all the pomp and vanities of fashion, of all the notorious luxury and extravagances which is the outward show of our magnificence and wealth—it was hard to repress a feeling of something akin to shame and anger—shame for the callous indifference which bids one half the world ignore the sufferings of the other—anger, that with all the gold annually borne along on the broad stream of charity, so little of it ever reaches the really deserving and necessitous poor.

The house this poor woman lay dying in was one of a block which would have been a prize to a sanitary inspector anxious to make a sensational report. For the room in question the plumber out of work had to pay four-and-sixpence, and the broken pane of glass the landlord had refused to replace. The man was told "he must do it himself, or, if he didn't like it as it was, he could go."

Such stories as this are painful, but they should be told. It is good for the rich that now and again they should be brought face to face with misery, or they might doubt its existence. These people—our fellow-citizens—cannot be neglected with impunity. These fever and pestilence-breeding dens that are still allowed to exist, these death-traps out of which vestrymen and capitalists make large annual incomes, are a danger to the whole community.

While I am on this subject, I may as well quote an instance which bears directly upon the interest—the selfish interest—which the better classes have in lending their voices to swell the chorus of complaints which is going up about the present state of things.

Here is an "interior," to which I would call the special attention of ladies who employ nurse-girls for their children. This room, when we entered it, was in a condition beyond description. The lady was washing the baby, and she made that an excuse for the dirt of everything else. Two ragged boys were sitting on the filthy floor, a dirty little girl was in a corner pulling a dirty kitten's tail, and the smoke from the untidiest grate I ever saw in my life was making the half-washed baby sneeze its little head nearly off. The family, all told, that slept in this room was seven. There was a bed and there was a sofa—so I concluded the floor must have been the resting-place of some of them. "The eldest girl," mother-in-law informed us in answer to our questions, "was gone out. She slept on the sofa." We knew somebody had slept there, because some rags were on it which had evidently done duty as bedclothes.

Outside this room, which opened out to a back yard, was a dust-bin. We didn't want eyesight to know that—it appealed with sufficient power to another sense. Inside was an odour which made the dust-bin rather a relief.

I have described this place a little graphically for the sake of that eldest girl. It is not from any gallantry to the fair sex that I have done this, but because the young woman in question was, I ascertained, a domestic servant. She was a nursemaid just home from a place at Norwood, and in a week she was going to a place at Clapham. I remembered, as I gazed on the scene, a certain vigorous letter from Mr. Charles Reade which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* some years ago about servants "pigging with their relations at home," and wanting the best bedroom and a feather-bed with damask furniture when in service. I never so thoroughly realised what "pigging with their relations" meant before.

Now if you will take the trouble to think out the possible result of girls going from such pigsties as these straight into well-to-do families, where they will nurse the children and be constantly in the closest contact with the younger members of the family, I think you will see that the dangers of unhealthy homes for the poor may be equally dangerous to a better class. I should like to know how many families now mourning the loss of a little child from fever, or the death of some dear one from small-pox, would have been spared their sorrow had the existence of such places as I have described been rendered impossible by the action of the law!

I do not imagine for one moment that I have seen, or that I am likely to see, the worst phases of the evil which has become one of the burning questions of the hour. But what I have written about I have in every case seen with my own eyes, and in no case have I exaggerated; and yet more than one of my kindly correspondents doubt my recent story of a dead body being kept and eventually put out into the street.

With regard to this, let the reader in doubt ask any sanitary inspector or officer of health to whom he can get an introduction if it is not an appalling fact that the poor have grown so used to discomfort and horrors that they do not look upon a corpse in the room they live, and eat, and sleep in as anything very objectionable!

It often happens there is no money to pay for the funeral, and so, with that inertness and helplessness bred of long years of neglect, nothing at all is done, no steps are taken, and the body stops exactly where it was when the breath left it.

The following incident I take haphazard from the reports of Dr. Liddle, whose recent statement has even attracted Parliamentary attention and led to a question in the House:—

#### PROLONGED RETENTION OF A DEAD BODY IN A ROOM OCCUPIED BY A FAMILY.

Mr. Wrack reports that, on visiting No. 17 Hope Street, Spitalfields, he found in the room of the second-floor the dead body of a child who had died fifteen days before the time of his visit. The room, which contained 176 cubic feet of space, was occupied by the parents of the dead child and a daughter thirteen years. The body was in a decomposed state. The reason assigned for not burying the child at an earlier period was that the father had no means to do so, and that his friends had failed to render him the assistance which they had promised. Mr. Wrack having pointed out the danger of keeping a dead body so long in the only room occupied by the family, application was made to the relieving officer, and the body was buried on the following day.

Fifteen days! Fancy that! with the knowledge you have by this time of the size and condition of the room in which the corpse remains mixed up with the living inmates day and night. Here are two more cases. Note the fact that in the first the child has died of scarlet fever, and that tailoring work is going on around it—work which when finished will be carried, in all human probability, with the germs of disease in it to the homes of well-to-do and prosperous people—a class which too frequently objects to be worried with revelations of the miseries of the masses.

#### PROLONGED RETENTION OF A DEAD BODY IN A ROOM OCCUPIED BY A FAMILY.

Mr. Wrack reports that, upon visiting No. 28 Church Street, Spitalfields, on the 5th December last, he found in the second-floor front room the dead body of a child which had died of scarlet fever on the 1st of the month. The body was not confined, and it lay exposed on a table in one corner of the room. The room was occupied as a living and sleeping room by five persons, viz., the father and mother, their child, a girl about three years old, and by two adults, viz., the grandfather and grandmother of the child, who were engaged at tailors' work. The child was playing on the floor. The room was about fourteen feet square and eight feet high, thus affording only 280 cubic feet of space to each person. The smell on entering the room was most sickening. Upon remonstrating with the people for keeping the body so long unburied, and especially for not having it confined, they replied that they were waiting to raise the means for burying it; and, being Irish, said that it was not their custom to coffin their dead until the day of the funeral. The body was not buried until the 9th of December, and then it had to be buried by the parish authorities.

Mr. Wrack also visited No. 24 Princess Street, Spitalfields, on the 6th January, and found in the second-floor front room the dead body of an aged woman, who died on Christmas Day. The room was occupied by the daughter of the deceased, a person about forty years of age, who lived and slept in the same room. Upon asking the reason of her keeping the body so long unburied, she stated that she had been waiting for suitable things to be made for the

funeral; and upon asking when the funeral would take place, she stated that the body would not be buried until the 8th January, a period of fifteen days from the death. The Board had no power to compel the removal of the corpse, as there is no mortuary belonging to the Board in the district.

I want to drive this nail home, though it is the practice itself I should prefer to knock on the head. Here are three more cases. Let me quote them, and have done with the subject.

#### PROLONGED RETENTION OF DEAD BODIES.

There have been three cases of prolonged retention of the dead in rooms occupied as living and sleeping rooms. One of these cases was that of a child who died at No. 26 King Street, Spitalfields, and whose body was retained for nine days, the parents stating that they were unable to raise sufficient money to bury it. During the time the body was kept it became so offensive that it was necessary to remove it to a shed at the rear of the house. Eventually the father applied to the relieving officer, and obtained an order for the burial of the body.

Another case was that of a young man who died of consumption at 120 Royal Mint Street. The body of this young man was kept for eight days in the room in which his father and mother lived and slept.

The third case was that of a child three weeks old, who died at No. 5 Devonshire Place, Whitechapel. The body of this child was kept in the room occupied by its parents for a period of twelve days, and at the time of the visit of the inspector the smell from it was most offensive.

Although in each of these cases everything was done by the officer of this Board and by the relieving officer to induce the respective parties to bury their dead before a nuisance was occasioned, yet to a certain extent their efforts were unavailing.

As such cases are of frequent occurrence, it is certainly full time that power was given to magistrates to order the burial without delay of every corpse which is certified to be a nuisance or dangerous to the public health.

It is certainly full time a great many things were done. It is necessary, above all, that the direct attention of the State should be given to the whole question, but the late Home Secretary says there is "no time" to attend to such matters. The question which led to this answer and the late Home Secretary's statement in full were as follows:—



HE WAS VERY FUNNY.

#### SANITARY CONDITION OF WHITECHAPEL.

Mr. Bryce asked the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether his attention had been called to the two last reports presented to the Whitechapel District Board of Works by the Medical Officer of Health on the sanitary condition of the Whitechapel district, in which he condemned, as unsanitary and ill-arranged, several new buildings recently erected in that district, and expressed the opinion that amendments in the existing Building Acts were urgently required; and whether, if sufficient powers to prevent the erection or order the closing of unsanitary dwellings were not now possessed by local authorities, he would undertake to bring in a Bill to amend the Building Acts in this important particular, by investing the proper local authorities with such powers.

Sir W. Harcourt said he would be glad to introduce Bills upon this and many other subjects, but there was no time for them.

"No time!" It is well, with that answer ringing in our ears, to turn to the Parliamentary proceedings and discover what the important questions are which are engrossing the entire attention of the Legislature, and leaving "no time" for such a matter as the constant menace to public health which exists in the present system of "Housing the Poor." I will not enumerate them, or I might be tempted into a political disquisition, which would be out of place; but the reader can, with considerable profit to himself, find them and make a note of them.

The list of important measures which have consumed sessions, and left "no time" for this question, will be instructive and amusing—amusing because the discussions which have taken up the time of the House contain in themselves all the elements of screaming farce.

And talking of screaming farce, I am reminded by my collaborator that Mr. J. L. Toole is in his sketch-book, and I have never given an opportunity for him to be introduced yet.

Room by all means, and at once, for Mr. J. L. Toole—not the Toole of Toole's Theatre, the popular comedian who has made tomfoolery a fine art and burlesque a science, but his living, breathing image as he appeared to us, "Mug," voice, and gesture, at the door of a house at which we lately knocked in search of information as to the profits of hat-box making.

Our J. L. Toole didn't tell us—he was very funny, he cracked wheezes that even John Laurence himself might give off without blushing, but he withheld the information we wanted.

He suggested that while we were about it perhaps "he might as well tell us who he worked for as how much he got, and then we could go round and offer to make hat-boxes a halfpenny a dozen under." We didn't get much out of our J. L. Toole except his portrait, and that was taken entirely without his permission, and is herewith presented gratis to our readers.

(To be continued next week as a Special Supplement.)

#### AN APPEAL FOR A PENNY.

Our readers will have seen, week by week, what success "ALLY SLOPER'S POOR RELIEF FUND" has met with. Your old friend SLOPER is more than pleased with the sum already collected, and he hardly knows how to thank you all for your kindness. At the same time, he feels it his duty to ask for more, and he knows when he asks that he will get it. With this week the Fund amounts to £274 2s. 9d., but ALLY wants it to reach £1,000. Give him £1,000 for his "POOR RELIEF FUND" and he will do anything for you on earth. If every purchaser of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" would contribute a Stamp—that's all SLOPER asks for—one Penny Stamp from each of you—the Fund would mount up to £1,000, and the unutterable joy that would be dispensed to thousands of

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